

Going out with a bang

by DawnEB

The traditional last night party at the end
of the year for the outgoing 7th years...

Originally written for the 1st HCR Fic Challenge Pre HBP, so is now noncompliant/AU.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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HCR Challenge details -

1. Any pairing is ok
2. Up to R rating
3. The fic must be between 300 and 1000 words
4. The fic must include these three items:
 - An easter island statue
 - A Disney character tattoo
 - Fred and George's store

Draco Malfoy was hanging from the ceiling of the Great Hall, half naked and shouting alternate obscenities and commands at the crowd of giggling teenagers below him.

It had all started with a delivery from Weasley's Wizard Wheezes. In celebration of the end of their little brother's schooldays, Fred and George had given a 50% discount on all purchases by Gryffindor seventh year students, resulting in a flock of heavily laden owls descending on their table at breakfast on the final morning.

Once they realised what was in so many parcels, it could be clearly seen that the staff on the top table were more than a little apprehensive.

Both Flitwick and Sprout glared at McGonagall, who seemed to be having trouble removing a piece of lint from her lap while Snape opted for simply letting his forehead drop to the tabletop with an audible 'thunk' - repeatedly. Madam Pomfrey seemed in a hurry to check that her infirmary stores were filled, and even Dumbledore's benign smile seemed a trifle forced.

A little advertised fact is the statutes of Hogwarts state that after the Leaving Feast, the outgoing students are no longer subject to many of the school rules whilst within the Great Hall. This allowed them to 'let their hair down' in an all night party, rather than running riot over the entire school. It also allowed the staff to layer the area in all

manner of protective charms before retiring to a safe distance to keep an eye on the proceedings.

This year the Headmaster had outdone himself, and the Hall was decorated in a Pacific Islands theme with swaying palm trees, a volcano spewing a fountain of butterbeer, and a collection of Easter Island heads that were proximity charmed to sing 'We Will, We Will, Rock You' to the amusement of the Muggle-born and puzzlement of the Purebloods. It was from the shelter of these that Crabbe and Goyle attempted to hex Neville Longbottom by setting his robes afire.

The good news was that the protective charms worked like, well, like a charm, and Neville found himself spinning across the floor to land in the lap of Mandy Brocklehurst as his outer robes were magically whipped off him.

The bad news was that the flames set off the large number of explosive Wheezes he had hidden therein. These went up in a huge cloud of shredded robes, purple smoke, red confetti and gold ribbon streamers, together with a hot blast of air strong enough to flatten several fake palms as well as students stood below. Not all the shredded robing belonged to Neville, either.

Draco Malfoy had been showing off his prowess with a broomstick, flying slalom round the candles and ghosts that floated below the enchanted ceiling, and as a result had been a little too close to the explosion when it happened. Physically, he was fine, if a little dazed. As he came back to his full faculties, he began to notice things. The first was that he was no longer on his broom, but was still in the air. The second thing was that he felt a little chilled, and the third was the sound of muffled giggles and sniggers coming from somewhere below him.

Draco struggled to move, finding himself entangled in gold ribbons. As the purple smoke cleared a little more, he realised that he was suspended about 7 foot from the floor in the magical streamers, and to add to the indignity his tailor-made robes were in shreds. Looking down at a sea of faces, the young Malfoy started to yell. "What the...? Come on, you imbeciles, stop gawping like a flock of porlocks and get me down from here." His tone made some of the mingled looks of amusement and shock turn a touch hostile, then a few evil and conspiratorial grins started to appear - not all of them on Gryffindors, either.

As the laughter started in earnest, he noticed Hermione Granger peering at his posterior with a puzzled look on her face. Even in the position he was, Draco couldn't resist spouting, "What's the matter, Granger, not seen perfection before?"

Hermione blushes a little, before commenting, "Actually, I was just wondering why a Pureblood like yourself would have a tattoo of Sir Hiss on his arse."

Draco looked blank for a moment before turning red in the face and spitting out, "How dare you! I'll have you know that is the emblem bestowed on the Malfoy heir when he reaches his majority, and is the serpent that represents the line, dressed in the regalia of the Grand Order of Walpurgis!"

By this time several other, mainly Muggle-born, students were peering at the tattoo on the bare buttock suspended above them. "She's right though," came an unidentified voice from the crowd. "It does look like Sir Hiss."

Draco's angry and impotent writhing, together with the spread of the explanation of Hermione's reference, was causing much hilarity amongst the soon-to-be-ex students. Suddenly, a feathery palm frond from one of the downed trees was seen waving up towards the stricken Slytherin, and soon there was a queue of people all wanting their chance to get a little of their own back for various slights as he found himself to be the impromptu entertainment of the evening.

The four Heads of House, together with Dumbledore, watched the proceedings from the Disillusioned corner of the Hall where they sat in comfy chairs drinking a fine brandy. Professor Sprout craned her neck.

"Is that Crabbe and Goyle going to his rescue?" she asked. Snape looked up from his contemplation of the amber liquid in his glass.

"No, they appear to be pushing their way to the front of the queue with Miss Parkinson in tow." he replied, leaning back and stretching his long legs before him.

"Oh, that's all right then" added Flitwick before they all settled back in their chairs.

□

Sir Hiss